

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Obnoxious"

Asshole
Don't know me

I'm obnoxious, motherfucker can't you tell
Run through Little Havana yelling, '¡Viva Fidel'
Jerking off with the sheets when I stay at hotels
Drinking Bacardi at AA meetings, smoking a L

I'm broke as hell, my attitude is no good
Like working for white people after watching Rosewood
So I'm a mercenary, I don't care how I get richer
Like American companies that did business with Hitler

Get the picture, nigga? I'm the best of both worlds
Without the hidden camera and the 12-year old girl
Let's face it, you're basic, you aren't half the man that I am
I'll throw your gang sign up, and then I'll spit on my hand

Give me a hundred grand, give me your watch, give me your chain
That's your girl? Bitch, get over here, give me some brain
I'll bust off on her face, and right after the segment
She'll probably rub it in her pussy, tryna get herself pregnant

I said it I meant it, that's the way I deal with enemies
Like pro-lifers that support the death penalty
And don't talk about war when niggas know that you're puss
A fucking hypocrite draft-dodger like George Bush

Don't push me, nigga, 'cause I'm close to the edge
And I'll jump off with a rope that's wrapped around your head
Send a dead fetus to my ex on Valentine's Day
The safety's off nigga, so get the fuck out my way

Obnoxious nigga, murderous lyrics
I know that you hear it
Now that I'm getting closer and closer I know that you feel it
You're eating off rap, and I hope you choke on your gimmick
Niggas said hip-hop was dead but I'm invoking the spirit
We're taking it back in the day to the Golden Age
When wack motherfuckers used to get thrown off stage
Immortal Technique, I made this to bump in your ride
Or burn it off the Internet, and bump it outside
Nigga, we're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
We're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
Burn it off the fucking Internet, and bump it outside

Yeah, nigga

Look motherfucker, my words damage and slaughter
A raging alcoholic like the president's daughters
Disgusting flow like third-world-country tap water.
But before I hit the border, someone give me a quarter

'Cause I'mma prank call, cop shot just for kicks
Payback for every time that they called me a "spic"
And Puerto-Rican chicks told me that I fuck like I'm loco
And Dominican women call me the 'Rompe Toto'

They call me "ocioso", I'd rather get fired than quit
I get unemployment, you work, and we making the same shit
How dare you niggas criticize the way that I spit
You coffee-shop revolutionary son of a bitch

But you know what the fuck I think is just pathetic and gay
When niggas speculate what the fuck 'Pac would say
You don't know shit about a dead man's perspective
And talking shit'll get your neck bone disconnected

Disrespected niggas don't show no love
Why you tryna be hardcore, you fucking homo-thug
And don't be sensitive and angry at the shit that I wrote
'Cause if you can take a fucking dick, you can take a joke

I'll choke your friends in front of you, to prove that you've fallen off
And you won't do shit about it, like the Church during the Holocaust
Kalashnikov machine gun flow that I fire
Obnoxious until they shoot me on the day I retire

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Damn, homie, in high school I beat the shit out of you and your man, homie
Your girl wanna blow me and don't even know me
She lonely and she thinks you're a phony
I'll take a piss on a development deal from Sony, or Def Jam
'Cause you're like all of the rest man
This ain't a verse, it's shit talk at the end of the song
And you can suck a dick if you think I ended it wrong
Fuck you and I'm gone

Peace to the Stronghold, EOW
Word-A-Mouf, Forbidden Chapters
IAK niggas, Wax Poe, killin' you slow
The Plague, I'll murder a show
You don't even know
Yeah, foul play nigga
Harlem!